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English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

XCII.

THE sun and moon to rise are seen,
 Old ocean too in wild waves dress'd,
 The wind full high will rise, I ween,
 But ne'er will longing from my breast.

XCIII.

When Lucy sails for Erin's land,
 I'll see her safe to yon sea-strand,
 And, sooner than bid her adieu,
 I'll with her go, and wed her too.

XCIV.

Just like reaping the green wheat
 'Tis, to wed a boyish swain ;
 When tis cut and housed, as meet,
 Barren crops are all your gain.

TRANSLATION OF THE TRIBANAU*.

I.

No cheat it is to cheat the cheater,
 No treason to betray the traitor,
 Nor is it theft, I'm not deceiving,
 To thief from him who lives by thieving.

II.

Three things there are that ne'er stand still ;
 A pig upon a high-topt hill,
 A snail the naked stones among,
 And Tom the Miller's rattling tongue.

III.

Three things 'tis difficult to scan ;
 The day, an aged oak, and man :
 The day is long, the oak is hollow,
 And man—he is a two-fac'd fellow.

* The following Translations will serve to give the English reader a faint, though, perhaps, but a faint, idea of the Welsh TRIBANAU, which are most of them, like these, remarkable for their quaintness, as well as for the epigrammatic point in which they terminate. There are some preserved of considerable antiquity, and which it is our intention hereafter to publish. The three, here inserted, have not, it is believed, before appeared in print.—ED.